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## THE

## King of Poland's Ghost:

OR;

A DIALOGUE betwixt PLUTO and  
CHARON, upon his Reception.

7. Feb. 1683.  
Agt. y<sup>t</sup> at S<sup>t</sup> Alb<sup>n</sup> Shaffsbury

*Pluto.* **H** Old Stygian Sculler, what hast brought me here?  
*Charon.* The Soul Sir of your long-wish'd noble Peer.  
*Pl.* What? not the King of Poland's? *Ch.* Yes, 'tis it.  
*Pl.* You old Tarpawlin, will you ne're learn Wit?

Who bid you touch at Dantzick, and be hang'd,  
D'ye think my Furies long to be harangu'd?

*Ch.* Stop the mistake, and let your Passion cease,  
He ne're came there, for Poland's still in peace;  
But I suppos'd you waited for your Prey,  
And therefore Amsterdam'd him in his way.

*Pl.* Pox on your Zeal, you did it for your Fare,  
Could'ft think I want Incendiaries here?

*Ch.* No, no, Sir; I have Passengers enough  
That spoke their Places, and gave Earnest too;  
And though y' had Boute-fou's enough before,  
Yet such as this ne're touch'd th' Infernal Shore:  
*Scilla, Sejanus, Catiline, and Noll,*

Must give our Politician the wall.  
They, cruel wretches, fought Imperial sway  
By Fire and Slaughter, ours a milder way.

They fought e'ne like your Furies for a Crown,  
He by Petitions softly bowls it down.

Kings may be fell'd, and never hurt a Limb,  
And Pluto's self fall gently under him.  
But Sir, you're safe, for ere he camē at Styx,  
He drew and rack'd off all his Politicks.

*See the Noble  
Peer's Speech*

*Pl.* I

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*Pl.* I can't tell that, Coopers are cunning blades,  
We Devils scarce can dive into their Trades ;  
The Lees of one rich Pipe may ferment more,  
And I am plaguy loth to lose my Power.

*Ch.* Fy *Pluto* ! y're too jealous of your Peer ,  
He that hath been your Drudge this 50 year ;  
If you begin to slight old Servants thus ,  
T'will be a great discouragement to us.

*Pl.* Why did'ft not take *Elizias* in thy way ?

*Ch.* Why Sir , the Keeper feign'd he'd lost his Key ,  
And would not slip the Lock for all my Pray'r's ;  
I touch'd besides at *Purgatory* Stairs ,  
( The Trimmer's Office , as some term it well ,  
Because it squints both toward Heav'n and Hell )  
But 'twould not do . *Pl.* No ? what could they object ?  
He seems the very Founder of the Sect .

*Ch.* 'Tis true ; but they urg'd , 'twas like an Inn  
Where Folks a while were baited for their Sin ,  
Then like ~~bad~~ Labaticks turn'd out again .  
And they alledg'd , my Charge was past all cure ,  
And nothing in the World was e're said truer ;  
For 'tis not all the Saints in Heav'n and Earth ,  
Were he once in , could ever pray him forth .

*Pl.* Well *Charon* , I forgive thee , for I see  
Thou speak'st both for thy Client and thy Fee :  
But how stand Causes on the *Brittish* Shoar ,  
Since they have lost the Bawble they adore .

*Cha.* Why they resent it in a various way ,  
And some there are who do not stick to say ,  
" That the Elm-board foregroan'd this fatal Day ."  
That th' *Albion* Rocks relent , and change their hue ,  
And ev'n *Tyburn* puts on Mourning too .  
Your dear Friend *Titus* cloaths himself in Crape ,  
( Masculine *Titus* ) your outdoing Ape ,  
Who's got above the Dispensation of a feeble Rape .  
Others there are who are not troubled much ,  
But rather seem beholding to the *Dutch* ;  
For this one kindness they to *Britain* do ,  
Commutes for *Chatham* and *Amboina* too .

L O N D O N ,

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